

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VIII. No. 24

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

MARCH 17, 1918

Who?

WHO planned the trees to be strong and tall?
Who planned the flowers to be sweet and small?
Who planned the sky to be far-away blue?
I couldn't plan half so well—could you?

Who planned the stars to sparkle at night?
Who planned the sun to shine warm and bright?
Who planned fairy cobwebs diamonded with dew?
It's a nicely planned world, I think, don't you?

ROSE BROOKS.

The Real Worth of Betsy May.

BY BEULAH KING.

IF there was one thing in the wide world that Sammy longed for, it was the Indian suit and tomahawk that belonged to the boy in the white house at the top of the hill. And if there was one thing in the wide world that the same Sammy did *not* long for it was Betsy May's company. It was his ambition to wear that Indian suit some day and to swing that tomahawk, just as much as it was his ambition to get rid of Betsy May.

Betsy May was his young sister. She had blue eyes and flaxen braids, and she tagged after Sammy from morning until night. Try as he would to steal away from her, it was all in vain, and wherever Sammy went Betsy May followed. The boys called her Sammy's shadow, but she didn't look like a shadow and she followed even closer than one, for on dull days Sammy's shadow did go away but Betsy May was never known to. Whether the sun shone or the clouds lowered, Betsy May was at his heels. What's more, she was a hindrance! She couldn't climb trees, she couldn't shin fences, she couldn't run fast, and she persisted in taking her doll with her. This last was the most mortifying of all.

Things were in this state when one bright Saturday morning Sammy came to a decision. Of course there was no school. Sammy, who had been up with the sun, had his plans all laid. He was going up to the white house on the hill and go straight through the high gate and ask the boy there to play with him, and to play "Indian"! And he wasn't going to have Betsy May following him, that is, if he knew it.

He was eating his oatmeal when Betsy May came into the dining-room.

"Where are you going?" she said.

"Nowhere," Sammy said. "I'm going to stay and play with you." This was something very unusual from Sammy, and Betsy May's eyes grew round and her face lighted up with joy.

"What shall we play?" she asked quickly, for fear he would change his mind.

Sammy rested his cheek in his hand. "Let me see," he said, pretending to be much



PLAYING INDIAN.

puzzled. "Why not 'Hide and Seek'? That's a good game."

"All right," said the willing Betsy May.

"You be 'it,' Betsy," Sammy said, winking a mischievous eye at the opposite wall.

"Yes," agreed Betsy May.

They ran out onto the steps.

"Count five hundred, Betsy," Sammy said, "no less, remember."

Betsy May buried her head in her chubby arms and began, "Five, ten, fifteen, twenty," in singsong tones; and Sammy, the naughty Sammy, ran as fast as his legs would carry, over the hill and away.

When poor Betsy May had reached that five hundred, Sammy was well on his way to the white house on the hill, freedom singing in his heart. Breathless but persistent, he reached the high gate. At any rate he had accomplished one ambition: he had got rid of Betsy May!

Through the bars he saw the boy playing with a hoop. Sammy screwed up his courage and whistled. The boy stood still. Sammy whistled again and called, and the boy caught up his hoop and ran to the gate.

"Want me to play with you?" Sammy asked.

"Sure," the boy answered, "come in!" Sammy squeezed in. "I was wishing for some one," the boy said. "What shall we play?"

Sammy had made ready his answer to this question before he left home. "Let's play 'Indian'!" he said.

"All right," the boy agreed. "Say, I've

got an Indian suit and a tomahawk. You can wear it if you want to."

Sammy's eyes glowed. His second ambition was accomplished. He was to wear the Indian suit and swing the tomahawk.

He sat on a rock while the boy went in to fetch the suit. He was never so happy in his life. He didn't know how long he waited, but presently the boy came back and said: "Oh, let's not play 'Indian.' I've been thinking, it's no fun unless more play." Sammy's face showed his disappointment. "It's just hollering and dancing," the boy explained. Then he seemed to note Sammy's disappointment, and he said: "If there was only some one to capture. A girl's best. My cousin Lucy plays with me and I make believe scalp her." Sammy thought of Betsy May! "Lucy's got a doll," the boy went on, "and you can scalp a doll fine—just pull her wig right off." Sammy thought of Betsy May's doll. "But Lucy's gone home," the boy finished. "Don't you know any one?"

"I've got a sister," Sammy said faintly, "but she lives a long way from here."

"Does she know where you are?" the boy asked.

Sammy's face flushed. "No," he said.

"Then let's play shuttlecock," the boy said.

Sammy wiped a tear slyly from his eye and took the racket. He would never wear the Indian suit, and how near he had come to it! He thought of Betsy May and what a naughty boy he was, and he was just wishing he had not been so mean, when the

boy dropped his racket and ran toward the gate shouting.

Sammy followed. And there between the bars peered Betsy May's chubby, round face.

"I found you, Sammy," she called, not quite sure of her welcome.

"Come in," the boy said; "we want you." And Betsy May, quite overcome with her first reception, stared in amazement.

"See, she's got her doll," the boy said. "Ah-ha-ah-ha!"

"Ah-ha-ah-ha!" echoed Sammy. They grabbed Betsy May's plump hand and ran with her.

"You tell her how to play 'Indian,'" the boy said, "and I'll get the suit and tomahawk." And when he had gone into the house, Sammy grabbed Betsy May and squeezed her fat little body until she cried out.

They had a grand time! Sammy, radiant with joy, swung the tomahawk, and Betsy May, feigning screams of terror, clung to her child. The boy thought them fine playmates, and told Betsy May he had a cousin Lucy who was coming to see him again and who would like to play with her; and when they went, he followed them to the gate and said to Sammy: "Come again. Come to-morrow. And bring your sister!"

Even when they were almost out of sight at the top of the hill he called again, "Don't forget to bring your sister."

Sammy squeezed Betsy May's hand and told her she was a brick, and Betsy May was sure he meant something nice, so she said,

"Aren't you glad I found you, Sammy?"

Is This Maiden You?

BY G. W. TUTTLE.

I KNOW a little maiden,
Her face is all aglow,
And out to all about her
Her sunny spirits flow—
In your mirror look and see
Who this cheery maid can be.

How Little Brother Helped Write a Composition.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

BIG sister Esther was in trouble. Her little brother knew it because she didn't smile when he told her a joke. She sat in her room with white paper in her lap and a lead-pencil in her hand, staring at the wall.

"What is the matter, Esther?" asked the little brother.

"Teddy," was the solemn answer, "I am obliged to write a composition before I go back to school to-morrow, and you mustn't bother me. You must let me sit here and think."

"I won't bother you and I will let you think," promised the little brother, "only I wish you would tell me what a composition is, and maybe I could help you."

"You cannot help sister write a composition," Esther told the little fellow. "You see, I have to write something about something to hand in to the teacher!"

"Then why don't you begin and write it?" urged the little brother. "Then you could play with me."

"Because I cannot think of anything to write about that is good enough for a composition. Now do run away, dear, like a good boy, and let me think."

Teddy ran away like the model boy he was expected to be for a little while at least, and then he sat down to think. Teddy hadn't been thinking more than a minute before an idea popped into his head. He would do something to make Esther laugh, and if she laughed once that would help her; she always said that she could think better after she laughed.

A few minutes later big brother Tom came in the house, and when he found Teddy working busily in a corner with brown paper, scissors, and string, he said, "Well, bub, what is going on here?"

"I am trying to make something funny to make Esther laugh!"

"Why is it necessary to make Esther laugh?" was the question.

"Because she has to write something for school and she feels so bad about it that when I tried that new joke and said, 'There was an explosion last night,' she didn't ask where, so I had to answer it and say, 'The wind blew up the river!' And she didn't even smile. She says you cannot be expected to smile if you have to write something for the teacher about something you can't think up, so I have got to help her. If I can make a funny dancing doll out of paper, so funny that she will laugh, then she can think afterward; and so I know I can help her."

"Nonsense, Teddy!" exclaimed the big brother. "You can't help Esther anyway, but I'll help you make a jumping-jack! You go ask mother for a pasteboard box and I will show you how the thing is done. We'll cut out what will look like the body of a funny man, and his arms and his legs. We will tie the arms and legs to the body by punching holes through the pasteboard, and then we'll tie in other strings to pull and make the legs kick out and the arms flourish around this way. Tell you what, Teddy, we'll make two funny men and let them fight. You can pull the strings of one of them and I'll pull the strings of another and we'll have some fun!"

It wasn't long before the pasteboard figures were finished and having such a merry fight, Uncle Peter came down from his studio to find out why the boys were laughing so cheerfully.

"Oh, you are having a marionette show, are you?" said he.

"To be sure! Help yourself to a reserved seat," the big brother suggested with a wave of his hand toward a big chair. "Right this way, ladies and gentlemen, right this way!"

Mother came next and then Esther, with a broad smile on her face. "What is all this noise about?" she asked. "If there is any fun going on I wish to be in it!"

"This is the great American marionette show," explained Uncle Peter. "Be seated, madam."

"What is a marionette?" inquired Teddy. "That is the next thing I'd like to know?"

Up rose the big brother and made a wonderful bow. He bowed so low his hair almost touched the carpet. "We have with us this evening," he began, although the sun was so bright at that very minute he couldn't face the west windows and keep his eyes wide open, "we have with us this evening the greatest living authority on the subject of marionettes. Honorable Professor Sir Chin-in-the-Air Uncle Pete will now address this audience!"

Mother and Esther cheered as Uncle Peter bowed and smiled and began his speech in a way so funny Teddy laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. Then Uncle Peter said seriously, "It is an interesting subject, just the same"; and he went on to tell the family that marionettes were found in the tombs of old Egypt.

"The name comes from three words, one meaning a fool or buffoon, another meaning a child, and another, 'puppets,' meaning a doll. A marionette, then, was a funny little figure, usually wooden, suspended by threads or wires that could be worked in a way to make the arms and legs and head move in a manner to imitate living persons. Away back in the days of the Egyptians, the ancient Greeks and Romans, plays were made to be acted by these figures. They were called puppet shows. A man behind the scenes did the talking for all the different actors."

"We'll have Uncle Peter talk for ours," Teddy exclaimed, forgetting that he was interrupting the speech.

"The first puppet plays in England," Uncle Peter continued, "were Bible plays. We are told that in the sixteenth century the favorite plays were 'The Prodigal Son,' 'Nineveh,' and 'Jonah and the Whale.' The curious fact is that these performances were called motion-picture plays. There was one man who advertised the appearance in motion pictures of 'The Old Creation of the World with the addition of Noah's Flood.' We read that the best scene in that play represented 'Noah and his family coming out of the ark, with all the animals two by two, and all the fowls of the air seen in prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is the sun rising in a gorgeous manner; moreover, a multitude of angels in a double rank." They tell us that the angels were ringing bells. These marionettes were made of wax, and Noah was probably about five feet high.

"Just before the beginning of the nineteenth century, there was a puppet show in which five hundred figures were shown working at different trades. A little later a play that children loved to see was Grace Darling rescuing the crew of the steamer that was wrecked on the Fern Islands.

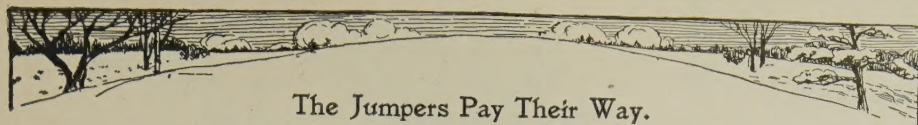
"This is only the beginning of what may be learned about marionettes, and certain it is that this world has always been an interesting place."

Certain it is also that when Uncle Peter had told all he could remember, and the pasteboard figures had jumped and fought while the audience laughed, sister Esther exclaimed joyfully:—

"You dear old Teddy! You have helped me think of something! I shall go and write a composition about marionettes and afterward I'll hunt up in the Public Library that funny Italian story for children about a marionette, and we'll read it together. I knew about marionettes, but I didn't think about them for a composition."

"Well, old man," added the big brother, giving Teddy a friendly whack on the head, "it is never safe to say who can help and who cannot! You wished with all your heart to help Esther and you did it! Some day you and I will have a Punch and Judy show. We will make two pasteboard figures and you may talk for Punch and I will talk for Judy!"

Little Brother Teddy was so happy he straightway took his drum, went out in the back yard, and made a joyful noise until his mother called him in to supper.



The Jumpers Pay Their Way.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

Chapter Fifth.

IT had grown very warm for the time of year, and they sat by the open kitchen window listening for the crash. It was sunset now, and would have been quiet but for the roaring of waters near and far.

No one jumped when a tearing sound and then a loud explosion rent the air. But they all grew a little pale, for they knew that dynamiting a jam in floodtime was dangerous business. It was a great relief when after a long time they saw the boat coming back across the field in the dusk. Max and Rose breathed easier when they saw that Clive was at the oars working away in an easy-going fashion as if he had been merely taking out a pleasure party to look at the sunset.

"You run like lightning, Terry, and tell that boy to hurry along home to his supper," ordered Mother Pinney. "Of course he wouldn't let anybody fire off that blast but himself, and he'll be half-starved after such actions as there have been here to-day."

It was all right, Clive assured them as he came up to the house. That is, it was as right as it could be. They had found the jam of ice and debris that had choked up the brook and sent the water back upon them. It was all cleared out now, and there was nothing more to do but to let the water drain off as fast as it would.

Next day the flood had vanished, leaving the great hill gullied and scarred and all the roads nearly washed away. Clive and Max and Terry spent the whole day helping get things in order at the half-circle of log houses, and Captain Fotheringay and his cattle moved back into their proper quarters. Rose helped them at first, but later on there was a good deal for her to do at home—more than the boys knew at the time.

The three brothers came tramping up the road in the twilight, muddy and fagged out with a hard day's work. They all stared at Rose, who was standing on the step in a pretty pink dress, and with a merry smile in her eyes.

"Where did you get that rig?" demanded Max. "Thought you left all such flummery as that in the city for mother to take care of."

"Never you mind my dress," retorted Rose. "I haven't been wearing flummery all day any more than you have. You should have seen me an hour ago! But I thought we ought to have a party after all we've been through, and there's canned-strawberry shortcake for supper, with whipped cream. So come in quick and don't keep it waiting."

The boys crowded into the old kitchen and then stood still, puzzled. The room somehow looked as rooms used to and yet nothing had been changed much except that the supper on the table looked like a holiday treat. The door stood open into the next room, and Terry saw something that made him run to look in. Then he began to hop up and down wildly.

"It's just like our sitting-room we used to have," shouted the little lad. "Here's the same chairs and the couch and the rug with

roses on it, and that's my graphophone in the corner. I know what's happened—Mother's come!"

It seemed impossible, but there she was, little Mother Jumper herself, trying to hide behind the window curtain and holding up her hands as they all rushed at her.

"Now I'll tell the whole story," she said, when she and Mother Pinney had got them quieted down and all into their proper seats at the supper table. "Weeks ago when Mr. Gay left here to go to the city he came and hunted me up and told me all that had happened here, about Betty in the Mixing-Bowl and everything. When I had had a good long talk with him I made up my mind that I'd give up trying to live in the city and come here. I knew 'the bunch' would be willing to have me if I could pay my way,"—Mother's eyes twinkled as she used this favorite phrase,—"and I was sure I could, because I was brought up on a farm, and besides, Mr. Gay says there's always plenty of sewing at his house at good wages, if I get time to do any. Then we're going to plant every eatable thing we can lay hands on, aren't we? We can't help getting along well with so many workers and no rent to pay."

"Course we shall," Terry promised her, "we'll take care of you, all right. But say, Mother, how did you get here, with the roads all washed away,—in an airship? And how did you get the graphophone and the rest of the things up the hill?"

"Mr. Gay had the furniture all packed and moved into his house before I was ready to come. The things have been in his care more than a fortnight. I got to Five Forks before the storm, and as I couldn't get any farther I had to wait there till this morning. Then the hotel man lent me one of his burros to ride up the hill."

"She walked right in on Mrs. Pinney and me when you boys were at the camps," added Rose. "Mr. Gay has got home, too, and he helped us get the furniture in and everything ready."

The next morning was one of those mornings when spring seems to have come in a single night, and you can hardly realize that it was winter such a little while ago. The rains had washed the big hill clear of snow, the air was almost as warm as summer, and they heard a bluebird singing in the apple tree while crows talked to themselves as they drifted over the barn roof. They could believe the almanac now when it said that April was at hand.

"I'm going to walk down to the mine, Mother," Clive said right after breakfast. "I must see what damage has been done and whether I can fix things up to go on again. I'd hate to think I had wasted all the money you had saved, and it is wasted unless I can keep on."

"I'm going with you," returned his mother, promptly, "and whatever we find at the mine, lad, we won't be discouraged, for here's a house and twenty good acres of land and lots of willing hands and feet. We shan't starve as long as we are able to work."

They started for the mine in a body, with Mrs. Pinney waving her apron to them from the doorstep. Captain Fotheringay came

out to his door to make them a handsome bow as they went by. He was beginning to think the Jumpers were neighbors worth having, though he hadn't thought so at first. Mr. Gay was coming down the road, too, with Betty on his shoulder, to keep her little white shoes from the mud. He joined the group and they all went on together.

The water had drained out of the mine, but it had left a good deal of trouble behind. It would be some days before they could get to work again, and there was damage to the machinery which it would cost money to repair. Still, Clive said it was not so bad as he had expected—and then he began to pick up specimens and show them to Mr. Gay, who, like everybody else on Crystal Hill, was interested in what the Captain called "a mess o' rocks."

Mother and Rose and little Betty sat on a dry log and waited while the rest of the party went tapping and picking about the ledges at the side of the mine.

Suddenly Clive came back to them with a pale face and an excited sparkle in his eyes. His strong hand trembled a little as he held it out to show his mother and sister two small objects lying in his palm.

"They're green tourmalines," he said in a low voice, "fine ones, Mr. Gay thinks. Where the flood has washed the gravel out I put my hand right into just such a pocket as we've been dreaming about all winter. Mr. Gay is going to help me get them out before anybody knows what's happened. We shall take them right down to the gem cutters, but you must all have a look first,—you're members of the firm."

They could hardly realize the truth as they peeped into that dark opening. The space was no larger than a ten-quart pail, but it was lined and crusted with gems, some of them lying loose in the gravel at the bottom. Now and then the light struck out a sparkle as they looked, and yet, as Rose said, it was only a little bit of a gravelly hole which they might have passed fifty times without noticing it.

"Think of the way we've worked around it all winter and never put our finger on it till this minute, though I had an eye out for pockets all the time," Clive said.

They sat up late that night talking it over, and they all agreed that they mustn't expect a fortune to come out of that pocket. But they felt that it was a fortune when the gem cutter told them that the stones they had taken out would bring at least fifteen hundred dollars.

"Enough to pay you back your roll of money, Mother," exulted Clive, "besides starting me in all over again, with all the damage repaired. Mr. Kelland wants to buy the feldspar as fast as I can get it out, and there's a lot of it yet."

It was their good neighbor, Mr. Gay, who bought that collection of gems. Then he had a tiny pink one set in a ring for Rose and a green one set in a pin for Mrs. Jumper. Two wee stones, one pink and one green, went into a scarf pin for Clive.

"Terry doesn't seem to care much about jewelry, as far as I can make out," Mr. Gay observed, "so I chose this for him." He handed the boy a handsome little silver watch with a guard like a man's watch.

"Of course Max must have something too," went on Mr. Gay, "and the rest of you won't mind if our gift to him is a little bigger than any of yours. Mrs. Gay chose it herself. You see, we have never forgotten that it was Max who pulled Betty out of the



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—There are four girls in our class: Dorris Keith, Grace Chapin, Katherine Pratt, and Travis Milliken.

We go to the Unitarian Sunday school and church. Our minister is Mr. Buzzell and our teacher is Mrs. Reynolds.

We read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much, and we would like to join the Beacon Club and wear its button.

Yours truly,
FROM THE CLASS OF FOUR GIRLS.

THREE RIVERS, CAL.

Dear Miss Buck,—Last summer I spent two months in Sequoia National Park, and had my picture taken by the tree called "General Sherman," the giant redwood, that is claimed to be the largest and oldest tree in the world. It is said to be about six thousand years old. There was a photograph of it in one of the 1917 *National Geographic Magazines*.

I enjoy *The Beacon* so much, and am sending a puzzle for the Recreation Corner.

I would like to belong to the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
ROYCE ALLEN ECKLER.
(Age 10 years.)

Mixing-Bowl. I'll send his souvenir around to-morrow."

They found the "souvenir" standing by the doorstep next morning. It was a beautiful cream-colored cow with great soft eyes, and a blue ribbon around her neck. To the ribbon was tied a card with her name "Creamer" and then "Max Jumper" in clear round writing. Underneath the two names were scribbled these words:

"Creamer has come to live with you, and she is sure to turn out just like the rest of the Jumper family,—she is going to pay her way."

THE END.

The Gospel of Good Cheer.

IN the laughter of the little brook
That runs its merry way,
From the mountain-sides of Yesterday
To the meadows of To-day;

In the song of every happy bird,
In the bloom of every flower,
In the blue, blue sky above us,
And the sun behind the shower;

In the laughter of the children,
In the faces that they bear—
Behold the joyous tidings,
And the glory everywhere!

There's a smile where'er we journey,
There's a laugh we all may hear,
If we'll only hark and listen
To the gospel of good cheer.

EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER.

ELIZABETH, N.J.,
19 Princeton Road.

Dear Miss Buck,—Since 1910 I have been going to the Sunday school of the All Souls Church in Elizabeth, N.J. Mr. Evans is our minister, and Mrs. Gilmore is my teacher.

I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Last August I was ten years old and I am in the fifth grade in school.

Reading *The Beacon* and trying to solve the puzzles is always a pleasure for me.

Two years ago I received a book, "Hans Brinker," for not being absent once.

Sincerely yours,
ALICE NYDEGGER.

SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.,
11 Humphrey Terrace.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear one of its buttons. I go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school, and get *The Beacon* every week and enjoy its stories and puzzles very much. I am eleven years old.

Yours sincerely,
HELEN H. ATTWILL.

New members in Massachusetts are Gage Bailey, Arlington; Betsy Briggs, Brookline; Elsie Sheinker, Dorchester; Lawrence Towler and Reginald Winchester, Jamaica Plain; Ruth M. Holder, Lynn; Clarence B. Crook, Gladys Massey, and Westcott Moulton, Neponset; Phyllis Fassett, Ware.

Sunday School News.

THE Church of Our Father at Newburgh, N.Y., is using an interesting method of Bible study in its church school, of which Mr. Victor E. Oese is superintendent. The lesson is first taught to the entire school by the pastor, Rev. Clarence J. Harris, and then interpreted in a little drama he has written, presented by members of the school under the direction of the superintendent. At some of the sessions a review is conducted by means of stereopticon pictures, and a musical programme is arranged. A Kindergarten class meets by itself at the same hour. Once each month there is a social afternoon for the members of the school.

The church school of the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, N.Y., gives its order of service on an attractive leaflet. Words of the opening hymn, the responses after prayer, offering, and benediction, and a poetic statement of creed, are printed in full. There are four general prayers, and one for each of the special holidays, while references for the Psalm for each month and the Scripture readings for each Sunday are given. The service is well designed to impress upon those who use it the value of a pure conscience and the beauty of holiness.

That the school in Kennebunk, Me., is not unmindful of its opportunities is indicated by the report of a generous contribution to the fund for the relief of children in Armenia and Syria. Three dollars a month is being sent to Mrs. Voight, for the crèche in France, and something is being saved for the usual Easter offering to the Children's Mission.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLVIII.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 16, 15, 1, 21, is an officer on a merchant ship.

My 11, 17, 20, 4, 3, 5, 15, 23, 17, is what a man ought to be.

My 7, 6, 9, 13, is a tramp.

My 18, 15, 1, 8, 6, 22, is a large group of people.

My 19, 5, 15, 9, is a color.

My 12, 14, is a preposition.

My 2, 6, 1, is what we wish it was now.

My 19, 10, 16, 17, is a coin.

My *whole* is occupying the attention of the American people to-day.

CHARLES N. YOUNG.

ENIGMA XLIX.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 5, is a young cow.

My 4, 7, 6, 8, is a metal.

My 7, 10, 9, 8, comes from the sky.

My *whole* is a beautiful State in the United States.

C. A.

CHARADE.

1st.

A letter of the alphabet

Children soon learn to know;

In common use in many words

From morn till evening's glow.

2d.

A loving, loyal comrade

In my *second* you will find;

And in my *whole* a mineral

Of a semi-precious kind.

Scattered Seeds.

TWISTED ANIMALS.

1. Tneopale.
2. Soehr.
3. Kenmyo.
4. Opyn.
5. Egtri.
6. Lahepetn.
7. Smoeo.
8. Lcfa.

FORDHAM WEBSTER.

ANAGRAM LETTER.

Dear aged Ruth:

The *great help* is a wonderful invention. The soldiers were informed that the *nine thumps* for the *early bat* of news to the *my ene* would be prompt.

Her fat.
The Myrtle.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 22.

ENIGMA XLIV.—Kind words are the music of the world.

ENIGMA XLV.—Arthur Guy Empey.

WHERE IT WENT.—Bark.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Zephyr. 2. Conserve. 3. Its teeth. 4. Carry on.

THE BEACON.

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from

104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
162 Post St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON